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Coridon's Song and Other Verses



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Illustrations
by
Hugh Thomson



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To Mary Allen
With every good wish
for 1895 — From

Mr & Mrs John George

CORIDON'S SONG

And other Verses



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A JOURNEY TO EXETER.

CORIDON'S SONG

And other Verses

FROM VARIOUS SOURCES

With Illustrations by

HUGH THOMSON

And an Introduction by

AUSTIN DOBSON

London

MACMILLAN AND CO.

AND NEW YORK

1894

RICHARD CLAY AND SONS, LIMITED,
LONDON AND BUNGAY.



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INTRODUCTION

“We, that are very old”—to borrow a phrase from the immortal Isaac Bickerstaff—must remember how, over thirty years ago, followed to Robert Browning’s “Men and Women” the same author’s single volume of “Dramatis Personæ.” It was a brief collection, but it included the Master in all his moods. For those who looked for “something craggy to break their minds upon,” there were “James Lee’s Wife” and “Dis Aliter Visum”; for the mere lovers of poetry, there were “Rabbi Ben Ezra,” “Abt Vogler,” the curious speculations of Caliban upon Setebos, the magnificent narrative, “supposed of Pamphylax, the Antiochene,” entitled “A Death in the Desert.” Other pieces there were again in that slender list of twenty, which have since become household words in English Literature. But among the lighter efforts was one in particular which lingers in the mind of the present preface-writer. It was the fancy called “A Likeness.” In the critical record its part is only a modest one. Eight lines are all that Mrs. Sutherland Orr

devotes to it in her excellent manual, yet it has haunted one idle brain for a quarter of a century and more. And it is not so much its central idea which endures, as the skilful presentment of that idea, with its revel of rhyme—its “mark ace” and “cigar-case,” its “alas! mine” and “jasmine,” its “keepsake” and “leaps, ache” (surely this last is as neat as *Calverley’s* historical “dovetail” and “love tale”!)—tours de force which, to minds then less familiar with such dexterities, seemed scarcely short of miraculous. Perhaps, in the present day, it might be hinted that—for the modern rules of the game—the license of rhyming on proper names was used too freely. But this is to seek knots in a reed: and the lines at once regain their ancient charm to the votary who renews his study of them:—

“ I keep my prints, an imbroglio,
Fifty in one portfolio.
When somebody tries my claret,
We turn round chairs to the fire,
Chirp over days in a garret,
Chuckle o’er increase of salary,
Taste the good fruits of our leisure,
Talk about pencil and lyre,
And the National Portrait Gallery :
Then I exhibit my treasure.”

“ *Talk of the National Portrait Gallery*,” only necessary in Browning’s case for the fitter exhibition of his leading idea, would not, by the way, be ill-timed at the present moment, when, at last, there is some nearing prospect of the transfer, at

least to “an ampler ether,” if not to “a diviner air,” of the art-treasures so long buried in a corner at Bethnal Green. But it is not of Mr. George Scharf’s portraits, or of their new Valhalla at Trafalgar Square, that we now purpose to speak: it is rather of the “pencil and lyre” in the poet’s preceding line. The lyre here is the lyre of Gay, of Swift, of Fielding—of that supreme “inheritor of unfulfilled renown,” the imperishable “Anon.”: the pencil is one already exercised successfully on “Cranford,” and “Our Village,” and Goldsmith’s “Vicar”—the pencil of Mr. HUGH THOMSON. If the reader cannot “chuckle with us over increase of salary,” or (in retrospect) “chirp over days in a garret,” he can certainly pause for a space while we “exhibit our treasure”; and, as from a visionary portfolio, draw forth the pictures and poems which follow. Only, seeing that the accomplished Artist may read this “Introduction,” we shall spare his blushes by letting his pleasant sketches speak for themselves, confining our office in the main to running comment on the verses he has chosen for embellishment.

Integros accedere fontes, atque
Coridon’s haurire—seems to have been Mr.
Song, Thomson’s motto in his earliest selections,
pp.1-17. for it is in Walton’s “Angler” that he
finds his first sources of inspiration. Of the
author of the song which Coridon the Country man
sings to Piscator and Master Peter, we know but
little, so little that it has even been profanely
suggested that his name should be Harris rather

than John Chalkhill, that reputed “Acquaintant of Edmund Spenser,” and assumed composer of the “Pastoral History in smooth and easie Verse” which Walton put forth in 1683 under the title of “Thealma and Clearchus.” Indeed, in some aids to learning, the book is roundly ascribed to Walton himself. But the modern investigator—who must always be meddling—has discovered there was actually existent in Walton’s day a “Jo. Chalkhill, Gent.” who probably wrote verse, easy and otherwise; and who, in spite of insinuations to the contrary, may really have been the inventor of this most desirable carol with its artless—

“heigh troollie lollie loe,
heigh troollie lee,”

and its new-old, old-new variation upon that time-honoured and delusive contrast between the Country and the Town which hath ever been the dream of those who “study to be quiet” :—

“For Courts are full of flattery,
As hath too oft been tried;
heigh troollie lollie loe,
heigh troollie lee,
The City full of wantonness,
and both are full of pride :
Then care away,
and wend along with me.”

“I shall love you for it as long as I know you,” says honest Piscator. “I would you were a brother of the Angle, for a companion that is cheerful and free from swearing and scurrilous discourse, is

worth gold." "I love (he says once more) such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning" — a sentiment to which, were not the idea as old as Plato, one might fancy a resemblance in the later "mirth that, after, no repenting draves" of a certain austere John Milton. And so farewell, Master Coridon! Yours was a good song, and a merry, whoever be the author!

It is from another self-proclaimed The Angler's "acquaintant" of the poet of the Song, "Faerie Queene" that Piscator borrows pp. 19-39. his reply—a reply for which (according to the flattered Coridon) "Anglers are all beholding." Piscator's song, he himself tells us, was lately composed "at my request by Mr. William Basse, one that has made the choice Songs of the Hunter in his carrere, and of Tom of Bedlam, and many others of note." Time has dealt capriciously with this same William Basse. He was the friend of Browne and Wither and Ben Jonson, as well as of Spenser and Walton; and when Shakespeare died, he wrote upon him an elegy wherein he bids him make his fourfold bed with Chaucer and Beaumont and Spenser—

"Vntill Doomesdaye, for hardly will a fist
Betwixt y^s day and y^t by Fate be slayne,
For whom your Curtaines may be drawn againe"

—a sentiment which, besides something of the spacious Elizabethan spirit, has also the merit of a not-discredited prediction. Yet the bulk of

Basse's work, unpublished during his life, remained uncollected until last year, when he was born out of due time in Mr. Warwick Bond's handsome and scholarly edition. On the whole, however, it is impossible to regard him as anything but a diluted Spenserian. His flat pastoral fertility is more curious than edifying, and prompts the suspicion that there must have been just a touch of friendly log-rolling about Walton's praise of his lyric gift, since it is not greatly conspicuous in the pair of pieces mentioned, neither of which excels the "Angler's Song." And even in that the weightiest line is the first ("As inward love breeds outward talk"). Still—leaving open the question whether your thorough-paced fisherman can really read at his craft—one must confess a "contemplative" ease in the stanza—

"Of recreation there is none
So free as fishing is alone ;
All other pastimes do no less
Than mind and body both possess ;
My hand alone my work can do,
So I can fish and study too."

"Who liveth so merry," midway between the next two selections. pp. 41-52. "Who liveth so merry" is from the

"Deuteromelia" of 1609, the date of Shakespeare's "Sonnets": "Come, Sweet Lass," from "Pills to Purge Melancholy," which brings us nigh to Dryden's "Fables" and 1700. The "Deuteromelia" is a thin quarto of some fifteen leaves, with a preface that might have been written by Holofernes. *Vt Mel Os, sic Cor melos afficit,*

& reficit—says a motto in its highly elaborate title-page; and it was printed at London for Thomas Adams, dwelling in Paule's Church-yard “at the signe of the white Lion.” The author was one Thomas Ravenscroft, sometime chorister of Paul's and graduate of Cambridge, whose “4-part psalms” were considered by that eminent connoisseur, Mr. Samuel Pepys, to be “most admirable musique.” Already, earlier in 1609, Ravenscroft had published a series of rounds and canons entitled “Pammelia,” of which “Deuteromelia” is the sequel. Turning its pages, one comes upon the lively catch of “Hold thy peace, thou knave,” which Feste the Clown, and Sir Toby Belch, and Sir Andrew Aguecheek sing together in *Act II.* of “Twelfth Night”—a catch, as Sir Toby says, calculated to “draw three souls out of one weaver.” A later ditty given in the book suggested the title borne by a famous chronicle of Mr. Rudyard Kipling:—

“Wee be Souldiers three,
Pardona moy ie vous an pree,
Lately come forth of the low country
With neuer a penny of mony.
Fa la la la lantido dilly.”

(*The French of Flanders*, it should be observed, apparently left something to be desired in the matter of spelling.) Then follows at p. 18, with its pleasant suggestion of old street cries and open-air callings, the “Freemen's Song” for four voices that Mr. Thomson has here illustrated, the moral of which seems to lie in the lines—

“Who liveth so merry, and maketh such sport,
As those that be of the poorest sort?”

—a point clearly open to argument. It is not true under Victoria: probably it was only poetically true under “Eliza and our James.”

“Would you have a love-song, or a
‘Come, Sweet Lass,’ song of good life?”—asks the Clown of
Sweet Lass,” Sir Toby in that comedy of Shakespeare
pp 53-63. to which we have already referred.
And Olivia’s reprobate uncle unhesitatingly declares
for a love-song, to which his led-captain, Sir Andrew,
with the exaggeration of the imitator, further adds
that he “cares not for good life.” Our next dip in
the lyric lucky-bag must assuredly have satisfied them
both. It is “amatorious” enough for Sir Toby;
and as an Invitation à la Danse should have had
special attractions for that expert in “Lavoltas high
and swift Corantos,” his companion. (Sir Andrew’s
leg, we all know, did “indifferent well in a flame-
coloured stock.”) “Come, Sweet Lass” is apparently
one of the innumerable performances of that prolific
Tom D’Urfey, whose words, married to the music of
Purcell and Blow and Farmer, were once so well
known to our ancestors. “He has been the delight
of the most polite companies and conversations, from
the beginning of king Charles the Second’s reign to
our present times,” says Addison in the “Guardian”;
and Pope, in his Binfield boyhood, tells his friend
Cromwell that D’Urfey is “your only poet of toler-
able reputation in this country.” Over his volumin-
ous plays and farces, which Collier justly attacked,

Oblivion has discreetly “scattered her poppy”; but not a few of his songs still linger in our anthologies. One of the last testimonies to their popularity in his own day is contained in Gay’s “Shepherd’s Week.” The references in the third and fourth lines are to D’Urfey’s burlesque opera called “Wonders in the Sun,” and his “ode” of the “Newmarket Horse Race” :—

“A while, O *D—y*, lend an Ear or twain,
Nor, though in homely Guise, my Verse disdain,
Whether thou seek’st new Kingdoms in the Sun,
Whether thy Muse does at *New-Market* run,
Or does with Gossips at a Feast regale,
And heighten her Conceits with Sack and Ale,
Or else at Wakes with *Joan* and *Hodge* rejoice,
Where *D—y*’s *Lyrics* swell in every Voice,
Yet suffer me, thou Bard of wondrous Meed,
Amid thy Bays to weave this rural Weed.”

According to the notes to Gay’s Pastorals in the admirable edition of the late Mr. John Underhill, it appears that D’Urfey supplied the words to two other old songs mentioned by Gay, “Gillian of Croydon” and “Satwney Scot.” Many who could sing, and many who could not, must have blessed that tuneful memory.

When Tom D’Urfey was buried in
Morning in 1723 at St. James’s, Piccadilly (where
London, there is a tablet to his memory), Steele
pp. 65-79. followed him to his grave. It was in
Steele’s then new periodical, the “Tatler,” that first
appeared the piece which here succeeds to “Come,
Sweet Lass.” Swift’s “Morning in London” (or,

more strictly, “*Morning in Town*”), which Addison is supposed to have sent to “*Mr. Bickerstaff*” from Dublin with some of his own contributions to his friend’s venture, is leagues removed from the previous verses. “*An ingenious kinsman of mine*”—says Steele introducing it—“has run into a way perfectly new, and described things exactly as they happen: he never forms fields, or nymphs, or groves, where they are not; but makes the incidents just as they really appear.” Swift, in short, is one of the earliest of the realists, with much of their merit and most of their defects. Nothing could be surer-sighted than his inspection of the “slipshod ‘prentice,” the mop-whirling maid (whom he uses again in the *City Shower*), the “youth with broomy stumps” (observe the nice distinction between “broomy stumps” and “stumpy broom”), the small-coal man, the bailiffs, and all the sordid rest. But his photograph of these things is taken from the seamy side, and, like his latter-day disciples, he dwells upon this by preference. Neither Steele nor Addison, one would think, could have left this picture as it is. They might perhaps have missed its microscopic view of the mean and squalid; but they would undoubtedly have added some touch of red-veined humanity to warm the composition—a pretty girl seen smiling at her glass—a child wondering in its bed at the birth of a new day. We are apt to think that Swift’s contemporaries were blinder to his faults than we are. But the Anglo-Gallic *Annotator* of the “*Babillard*” was perfectly right when he condemned the petty range of the ideas. And it is not

necessary to contend with Johnson that, since “such a number of particulars could never have been assembled by the power of recollection,” Swift must have noted down what he observed. On the contrary, Steele, in penning a little caveat against possible imitators of these particular verses, goes partway towards improvising the material himself. “I bar,” he says, “all descriptions of the Evening; as, a medley of verses signifying grey peas are now cried warm . . . or of Noon; as, that fine ladies and great beaux are just yawning out of their windows in Pall-Mall.”

One of these imitators, in a better sense, A Journey to Exeter, was the poet of the pleasant rhyming epistle which follows Swift's Dutch picture. In the advertisement to pp. 81-115. “*Trivia*,” Gay himself admits his indebtedness for “several hints” to Dr. Swift; and indeed it has always been supposed that “*Morning in Town*” and the “*City Shower*” supplied the initial suggestion for that poem. In the order of Gay's productions, the “*Journey to Exeter*” comes just before “*Trivia*.” For reasons best known to the Artist, though doubtless sufficient, the introductory lines to *Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington*, upon whose prompting, and at whose cost, the little trip was undertaken, are here omitted:—

“While you, my Lord, bid stately piles ascend,
Or in your *Chiswick* bow'rs enjoy your friend;
Where *Pope* unloads the boughs *within his reach*
The purple vine, blue plumb, and blushing peach;
I journey far.”

“Within his reach,” we have always supposed to be a sly stroke at the minute stature of the great Alexander. But Gay does not spare his own defects:—

“ You knew fat Bards might tire,
And, mounted, sent me forth your trusty Squire.”

Who the traveller’s “two companions” were, history has not related, though he calls one *Grævius*:—

“ Now o’er true *Roman* way our horses sound,
Grævius would kneel, and kiss the sacred ground;” and a line or two higher he speaks of sketching them both at Dorchester as they snored in their elbow chairs. There are many drawings by Pope extant; what would one not give for this solitary croquis of Gay! But in default of pictures with the pencil, the poem abounds in those pen sketches which are still the freshest legacy of the bard of “The Beggar’s Opera.” We seem to see the pigeon-feeding Solomon of Turnham Green, as he has been revealed to the Artist and denied to the antiquary; we watch the travellers riding warily over Bagshot Heath—

“ Where broken gamesters oft’ repair their loss;” we taste the red trout and “rich metheglin” of Steele’s borough of Stockbridge, the lobster and “unadulterate wine” of Morecombe; we spell out on the road from Honiton—

“ Where finest lace industrious lasses weave,” the rhyming sign of that “Hand and Pen” where the rain-drenched party take shelter. And at Axminster

there is the “pretty washermaiden” (as Mr. Henley would call her) of whom Mr. Thomson has contrived so charming a portrait. But why, O why ! has he forborne to draw for us that most impressive local celebrity, the female barber ?

“The weighty golden chain adorns her neck,
And three gold rings her skilful hand bedeck :
Smooth o'er our chin her easy fingers move,
Soft as when *Venus* strok'd the beard of *Jove*.”

“How happy could I be,” *John Gay* composed the brief and better-known song which follows. Since, in pp. 117-123.

Twelve years had passed away when
William Hogarth painted, for
William Blake eventually to engrave, the likeness of
Captain Macheath “between his twa Deborahs”—
the Polly and Lucy of the “Beggar’s Opera”—the
couplet “How happy could I be with either, Were
t’other dear Charmer away,” has been an almost
indispensable formula for the expression of mascu-
line indecision in presence of conflicting feminine
attractions. Nor has it been employed in this way
alone, for it has done service in many another
fashion of dilemma. To take but the latest example,
only the other day it was triumphantly pressed by
Sir William Harcourt into a discussion on the
business of the House of Commons, when—to the
amusement of that august body—Mr. Goschen neatly
countered its Leader by completing the quotation :—

“But while you thus tease me together,
To neither a word will I say.”

For this reason, it may be, Mr. Thomson has treated the song, less as an extract from the famous piece which made "Gay rich, and Rich gay," than as a cosmopolitan utterance—a cry wrung from the heart of embarrassed male humanity. It is, in fact, one of those "Eternal Verities" of which Carlyle was wont to speak—as old as Adam, as young as yesterday.

Over Fielding's "Hunting Song" and "A Hunting we will go," "Oh! dear! what can the matter be?" pp. 125-139. we may pass more rapidly. If the play of "Don Quixote in England," from *Act II.* of which the first is taken, really included these verses when it was sketched by its author at Leyden, it follows that his gifts as a song-writer must have been manifested more early and more enduringly than his dramatic powers. Fielding's comedies have never held their ground; but this rollicking ditty of men and dogs, set to the fine old air "There was a jovial beggar," is still good to sing and to hear. The same play contains a suggestion of another famous lyric:—

"Oh the roast beef of old England,
And old England's roast beef!"

And one of the verses in "The dusky night rides down the sky" supplies a useful note to the "Spectator." Says the song:—

"A brushing fox in yonder wood,
Secure to find we seek;
For why, I carry'd, sound and good,
A cartload there last week."

This is precisely the practice of which Budgell accuses the provident Sir Roger de Coverley: "Indeed the Knight does not scruple to own among his most intimate Friends, that in order to establish his Reputation this Way [as a Fox-killer], he has secretly sent for great Numbers of them [Foxes] out of other Counties, which he used to turn loose about the Country by Night, that he might the better signalise himself in their Destruction the next Day."

Upon "Oh! dear! what can the matter be?"—both words and tune of which are what can the matter be?" anonymous—little comment can be needed pp. 141-149. beyond that afforded by the illustrations.

It is still among the most familiar of its old-fashioned kind, and may continue to supply subjects to the genre painter for another century or two.

Sir Dilberry Diddle, pp. 151-163. "Captain (of Militia) Sir Dilberry Diddle"—the last upon our list—belongs, we should imagine, to the epoch of the "Seven Years' War." Sir Dilberry is clearly the growth of that chronic dread of invasion which prompted not only Hogarth's "France" and "England," but many another valiant pictorial gibe at the frog-eating "Mounseers" who were always threatening to cross over with their friars, and their Popish racks and thumbscrews, to build their black monasteries within sound of Bow Bells. Like John Gilpin, he is to be ranked with those train-band captains "of credit and renown" who furnished such frank laughter to the Footes and Colmans

of their day. His actual exploits, as those satirists hinted, rarely went, in all probability, much beyond the investment of a hay-stack or the occupation of an alehouse, for the “flat-bottomed boats” so frequently mentioned by Goldsmith and others never found their way into English ports, nor have we to this day—in the mixed metaphor of the “Gazetteer”—“lain down to be saddled with wooden shoes.” But however we estimate the precise value of what Mr. Hosea Biglow styles “milishy gloary,” there is no need why we should mock at an honourable patriotic instinct, even in a citizen-soldier. If the French had come, doubtless Sir Dilberry would have fought as well waking as he did asleep. In any case, let us not begrudge him his long nap under the short apron of his excellent lady—surely one of the most original of Mr. Thomson’s creations!

Part of the foregoing *Introduction*—an *Introduction* of necessity somewhat *invertebrate* and *discursive*—was written in the West of Scotland. On the grey and ancient island of Iona, the author, with the rest of his party, followed the appointed Guide in the round of its venerable ruins. The Tale was of Macbeth and King Fergus; of the Cross of St. Martin of Tours (who divided his cloak with the beggar); of the stone pillow of St. Columba (in its cage of iron); of the rudely carved griffin which served as model for the monster at Temple Bar. Meanwhile, in pauses of that instructive oration—perhaps even during its progress—the eyes of the listeners wandered vaguely to the clear blue over-

head ; to the patches of particoloured lichen ; to the tufts of salt-fed spleenwort "in the crannied wall" ; to the fringe of freckled, bare-legged children with sea-urchins and necklets of shells for sale ; to the endless and inexhaustible detail, often more articulate than history, more persuasive than fact. The function of the preface-making *Dryasdust* is not unlike that of the topographical cicerone. He may recapitulate dates, and recount anecdotes ; but his restless audience will seek for themselves, and will probably select what they admire where they have not been invited to search for it. With the conviction that such cannot lack for individual choice in the abundant invention of the designs which follow, the writer of these preliminary pages cheerfully absolves them if they should now turn—even with a sense of relief—from the comment to the text and illustrations.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

EALING, *September 1894.*





CONTENTS

	PAGE
CORIDON'S SONG	1
THE ANGLER'S SONG	19
"WHO LIVETH SO MERRY"	41
"COME, SWEET LASS"	53
MORNING IN LONDON	65
A JOURNEY TO EXETER	81
"HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER"	117
"A HUNTING WE WILL GO"	125
"OH! DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?"	141
SIR DILBERRY DIDDLE	151





LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Coridon's Song

	PAGE
Oh, the sweet contentment The countryman doth find !	3
Then care away, And wend along with me	5
His pride is in his tillage, His horses and his cart	7
The ploughman, though he labour hard	9
Yet on the holiday, No emperor so merrily Doth pass his time away	11
To recompense our tillage, The heavens afford us showers . .	13
This is not half the happiness The countryman enjoys	15
Then come away, turn Countryman with me	17

The Angler's Song

But these delights I neither wish Nor envy, while I freely fish	21
Some, better pleased with private sport, Use tennis ; some a mistress court	23
Who hunts, doth oft in danger ride ; Who hawks, lures oft both far and wide	25
But who falls in love Is fetter'd in fond Cupid's snare	27
My hand alone my work can do, So I can fish and study too	29
I care not, I, to fish in seas—Fresh rivers most my mind do please	31
The timorous trout I wait To take	33
But yet, though while I fish I fast, I make good fortune my repaſt ; And thereunto my friend invite, In whom I more than that delight	35

As well content no prize to take, As use of taken prize to make The first men that our Saviour dear Did choose to wait upon Him here, Bless'd fishers were	37
	39

“Who liveth so merry”

Who liveth so merry in all this land As doth the poor widow that selleth the sand?	43
The broom-man maketh his living most sweet, With carrying of brooms from street to street	45
The chimney-sweeper all the long day, He singeth and sweepeth the soot away	47
The cobbler he sits cobbling till noon, And cobbleth his shoes till they be done	49
The serving-man waiteth from street to street, With blowing his nails and beating his feet	51
Who liveth so merry and maketh such sport, As those that be of the poorest sort?	52

“Come, Sweet Lass”

Come, sweet lass ; This bonny weather Let's to-gether	55
Come, sweet lass Let's trip upon the grass	57
Ev'ry where Poor Jocky seeks his dear	59
On our green The loons are sporting, There, all day, Our lasses dance and play	61
And ev'ry one is gay But I, when you're away	63

Morning in London

The slipshod 'prentice from his master's door Had pared the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor	67
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dexterous airs, Prepar'd to scrub the entry and the stairs	69
The youth with broomy stumps began to trace The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place	71

	PAGE
The small coal man was heard with cadence deep	73
Duns at his Lordship's gate began to meet	75
The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands	77
And schoolboys lag with satchels in their hands	79

A Journey to Exeter

	PAGE
Headpiece	81
With early dawn the drowsy traveller stirs	83
The day that city dames repair To take their weekly dose of Hyde-Park air	85
That Turnham-Green, which dainty pigeons fed, But feeds no more: for Solomon is dead	87
Prepar'd for war, now Bagshot Heath we cross, Where broken gamesters oft repair their loss	89
Relates the Justices' late meeting there, How many bottles drank, and what their cheer	91
What lords had been his guests in days of yore, And praised their wisdom much, their drinking more	93
Next morn, twelve miles led o'er th'unbounded plain, Where the cloak'd shepherd guides his fleecy train	95
With his reed the jocund valleys ring	97
Amid three boarding-schools well stock'd with misses Shall three knight-errants starve for want of kisses?	99
The ready ostler near the stirrup stands, And as we mount, our half-pence load his hands	101
Here sleep my two companions, eyes supprest, And propt in elbow-chairs they snoring rest	103
Forth we trot	105
The maid subdu'd by fees, her trunk unlocks, And gives the cleanly aid of dowlas smocks	107
Meantime our shirts her busy fingers rub, While the soap lathers o'er the foaming tub	109
Now swelling clouds roll'd on; the rainy load Stream'd down our hats, and smok'd along the road	111
Then he that could not Epic fights rehearse, Might sweetly mourn in Elegiac verse	113
“This is the ancient hand, and eke the pen; Here is for horses hay, and meat for men”	115

“How happy could I be with either”

	PAGE
“How happy could I be with either”	117
How happy could I be with either, Were t’other dear charmer a-way	119
But while you thus tease me to-gether	121
To neither a word will I say	123

“A Hunting we will go”

“A hunting we will go”	127
The huntsman winds his horn	129
The wife around her husband throws Her arms, and begs his stay	131
Away he goes, he flies the rout, Their steeds all spur and switch .	133
Some are thrown in, and some thrown out, And some thrown in the ditch	135
But a hunting we will go, A hunting we will go	137
Then hungry, homeward we return, To feast away the night .	139

“Oh ! dear ! what can the matter be ? ”

Oh ! dear ! what can the matter be? Johnny’s so long at the fair	141
At the fair	143
He promis’d he’d bring me a bunch of blue ribbons To tie up my bonny brown hair	145
He promis’d he’d bring me a basket of posies, A garland of lilies, a garland of roses	147
Oh ! dear ! what can the matter be?	149

Sir Dilberry Diddle

“O cruel Sir Dilberry, do not kill me!	153
For I never will leave thee, but cling round thy middle, And die in the arms of Sir Dilberry Diddle”	155
At the head of his company Dilberry came	157

Of all the fair ladies that came to the show, Sir Diddle's fair lady stood first in the row	159
The dame gives her captain a sip of rose-water, Then he, handing her into her coach, steps in after	161
And prudently cautious, in Venus's lap, Beneath her short apron, Mars takes a long nap	163



Coridon's Song

from Walton's Complete Angler

Coridon's Song



*h, the sweet contentment
The countryman doth find !
Heigh trolollie lollie loe,
Heigh trolollie lollie lee.
That quiet contemplation
Possefeth all my mind ;
Then care away,
And wend along with me.*

Coridon's Song



Coridon's Song

*For Courts are full of flattery
As hath too oft been tried ;
Heigh trolollie lollie loe,
Heigh trolollie lollie lee.
The city full of wantonness,
And both are full of pride :
Then care away,
And wend along with me.*

Coridon's Song

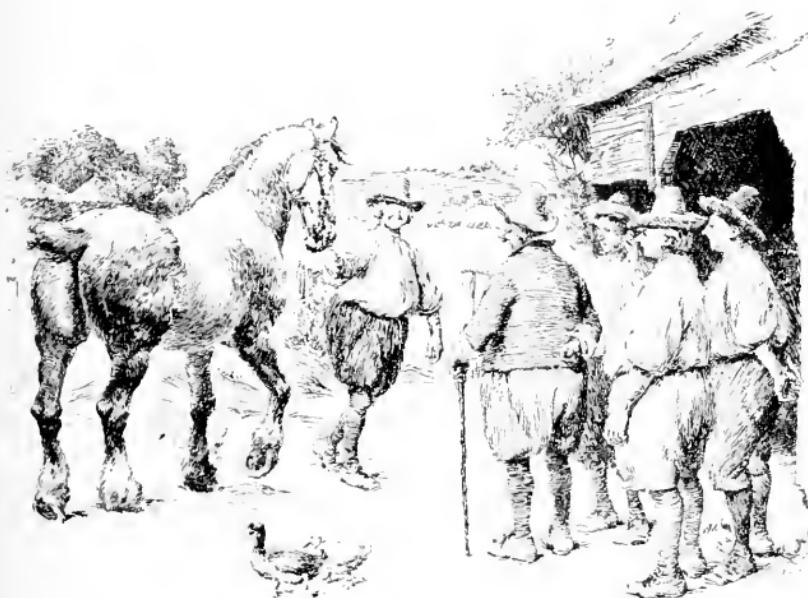


H. Thompson

Coridon's Song

*But oh ! the honest countryman
Speaks truly from his heart ;
Heigh trolollie lollie loe,
Heigh trolollie lollie lee.
His pride is in his tillage,
His horses and his cart ;
Then care away,
And wend along with me.*

Coridon's Song



Coridon's Song

*Our clothing is good sheep-skins,
Grey russet for our wives ;
Heigh trollie lollie loe,
Heigh trollie lollie lee.
'Tis warmth, and not gay clothing,
That doth prolong our lives ;
Then care away,
And wend along with me.*

Coridon's Song



Coridon's Song

*The ploughman, though he labour hard,
Yet on the holiday,
Heigh trolollie lollie loe,
Heigh trolollie lollie lee.
No emperor so merrily
Doth pass his time away ;
Then care away,
And wend along with me.*

Coridon's Song



Coridon's Song

*To recompense our tillage,
The heavens afford us showers ;
Heigh trolollie lollie loe,
Heigh trolollie lollie lee.
And for our sweet refreshments
The earth affords us bowers ;
Then care away,
And wend along with me.*

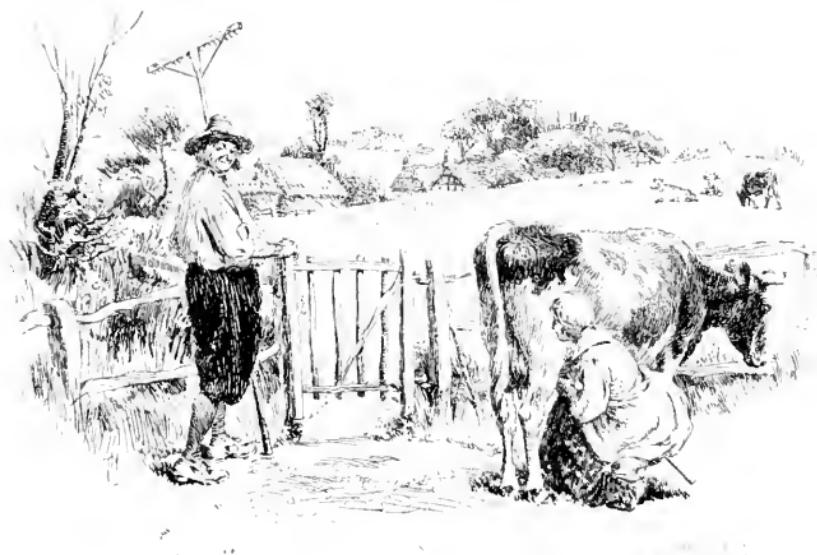
Coridon's Song



Coridon's Song

*The cuckoo and the nightingale
Full merrily do sing,
Heigh trolollie lollie loe,
Heigh trolollie lollie lee.
And with their pleasant roundelay
Bid welcome to the spring ;
Then care away,
And wend along with me.*

Coridon's Song



Coridon's Song

*This is not half the happiness
The countryman enjoys ;
Heigh troollie lollie loe,
Heigh troollie lollie lee.
Though others think they have as much,
Yet he that says so lies ;
Then come away, turn
Countryman with me.*

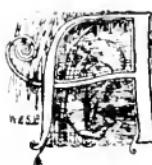
Coridon's Song





The Angler's Song

The Angler's Song



*As inward love breeds outward talk,
The hound some praise, and some
the hawk ;*

The Angler's Song



The Angler's Song

*Some, better pleased with private sport,
Use tennis; some a mistress court;
But these delights I neither wish
Nor envy, while I freely fish.*

The Angler's Song



The Angler's Song

*Who hunts, doth oft in danger ride ;
Who hawks, lures oft both far and wide ;
Who uses games shall often prove*

The Angler's Song



The Angler's Song

*A loser ; but who falls in love
Is fetter'd in fond Cupid's snare :
My angle breeds me no such care.*

The Angler's Song



The Angler's Song

*Of recreation there is none
So free as fishing is alone ;
All other pastimes do no less
Than mind and body both possess ;
My hand alone my work can do,
So I can fish and study too.*

The Angler's Song



The Angler's Song

*I care not, I, to fish in seas—
Fresh rivers most my mind do please,
Whose sweet calm course I contemplate,
And seek in life to imitate :
In civil bounds I fain would keep,
And for my past offences weep.*

The Angler's Song



The Angler's Song

*And when the timorous trout I wait
To take, and he devours my bait,
How poor a thing, sometimes I find,
Will captivate a greedy mind ;
And when none bite, I praise the wise,
Whom vain allurements ne'er surprise.*

The Angler's Song



The Angler's Song

*But yet, though while I fish I fast,
I make good fortune my repast ;
And thereunto my friend invite,
In whom I more than that delight ;
Who is more welcome to my dish
Than to my angle was my fish.*

The Angler's Song



The Angler's Song

*As well content no prize to take,
As use of taken prize to make :
For so our Lord was pleased, when
He fishers made fishers of men :
Where (which is in no other game)
A man may fish and praise His name.*

The Angler's Song



The Angler's Song

*The first men that our Saviour dear
Did choose to wait upon Him here,
Bless'd fishers were, and fish the last
Food was that He on earth did taste ;
I therefore strive to follow those
Whom He to follow Him hath chose.*

· *The Angler's Song*



“Who liveth so merry”

“Who liveth so merry”

 *Who liveth so merry in all this land
As doth the poor widow that selleth the
sand?
And ever she singeth as I can guess,
“Will you buy a—ny sand, a—ny sand,
mis—tress ?”*

Who liveth so merry



Who liveth so merry

*The broom-man maketh his living most sweet,
With carrying of brooms from street to street ;
Who would desire a pleasanter thing
Than all day long doing nothing but sing ?*

Who liveth so merry



Who liveth so merry

*The chimney-sweeper all the long day,
He singeth and sweepeth the soot away :
Yet when he comes home, although he be weary,
With his sweet wife he maketh himself full
merry.*

Who liveth so merry



Who liveth so merry

*The cobbler he sits cobbling till noon,
And cobbleth his shoes till they be done;
Yet doth he not fear, and so doth say,
For he knows his work will soon decay.*

Who liveth so merry



Who liveth so merry

*The merchant-man doth sail on the seas,
And lie on the shipboard with little ease;
Always in doubt the rock is near,
How can he be merry and make good cheer?*

*The husbandman all day goeth to plough,
And when he comes home he serveth his sow;
He moileth, and moileth all the long year,
How can he be merry and make good cheer?*

*The serving-man waiteth from street to street,
With blowing his nails and beating his feet;
And serveth for forty shillings a year,
How can he be merry and make good cheer?*

Who liveth so merry



Who liveth so merry

*Who liveth so merry and maketh such sport,
As those that be of the pooreſt ſort?
The pooreſt ſort, whereroever they be,
They gather together, by one, two, and three.*



*And every man will ſpend his penny,
What makes ſuch a ſhow among a great many?*

(Bis.)
from Deuteromelia, 1609

“Come Sweet Lass”



“Come, sweet Lass”



*Come, sweet lass ;
This bonny weather
Let's to-gether ;*

Come, sweet lads



Come, sweet lass

*Come, sweet lass
Let's trip upon the grass,*

Come, sweet lass



Come, sweet lass

*Ev'ry where
Poor Jocky seeks his dear,
And unless you ap-pear,
He sees no beauty here.*

Come, sweet lass



Come, sweet lass

*On our green
The loons are sporting,
Piping, courting :
On our green
The blitheſt lads are ſeen :
There, all day,
Our lasses dance and play,*

Come, sweet lass



Come, sweet lass

*And ev'ry one is gay
But I, when you're away.*

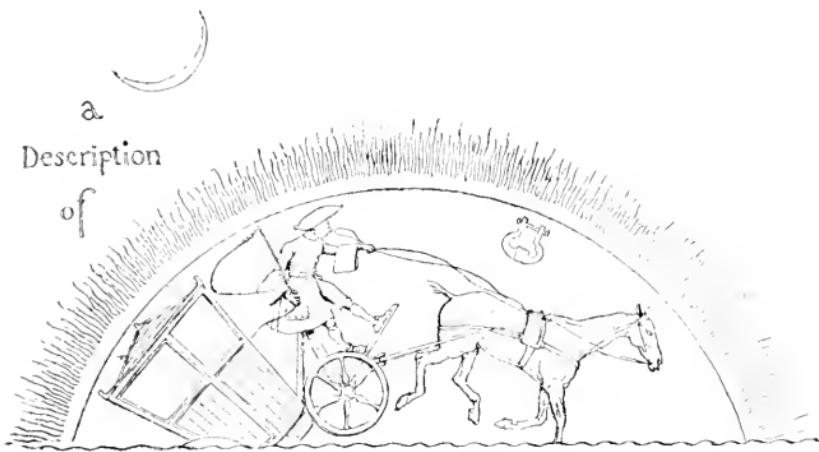
Come, sweet lass



W.C. W. Johnson

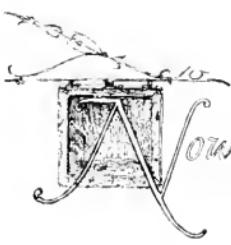
a
Description

of



Morning in LONDON.





Morning in London

*Now hardly here and there a hackney coach
Appearing show'd the ruddy morn's
approach.*

*The slipshod 'prentice from his master's door
Had pared the dirt, and sprinkled round the
floor.*

Morning in London



Morning in London

Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dexterous
airs,
Prepar'd to scrub the entry and the stairs,

Morning in London



Morning in London

*The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the
place,*

Morning in London



Morning in London

*The small coal man was heard with cadence deep,
'Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep;*

Morning in London



Morning in London

*Duns at his Lordship's gate began to meet ;
And brick-dust Moll had scream'd through half the
street.*

Morning in London



Morning in London

*The turnkey now his flock returning sees
Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees ;
The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,*

Morning in London



Morning in London

And schoolboys lag with satchels in their hands.

Morning in London







A Journey to Exeter

*was on the day that city dames repair
To take their weekly dose of Hyde-Park air ;
When forth we trot : no carts the roads infest
For still on Sundays country horses rest.*

A Journey to Exeter



A Journey to Exeter

*Thy gardens, Kensington, we leave unseen ;
Through Hammersmith jog on to Turnham Green :*

A Journey to Exeter



A Journey to Exeter

*That Turnham-Green, which dainty pigeons fed,
But feeds no more: for Solomon is dead.*

A Journey to Exeter



A Journey to Exeter

*Three dusty miles reach Brentford's tedious town,
For dirty streets and white-legg'd chickens known :
Thence o'er wide shrubby heaths, and furrow'd
lanes,*

*We come, where Thames divides the meads of
Staines.*

*We ferry'd o'er ; for late the Winter's flood
Shook her frail bridge, and tore her piles of
wood.*

*Prepar'd for war, now Bagshot Heath we cross,
Where broken gamesters oft repair their loss.*

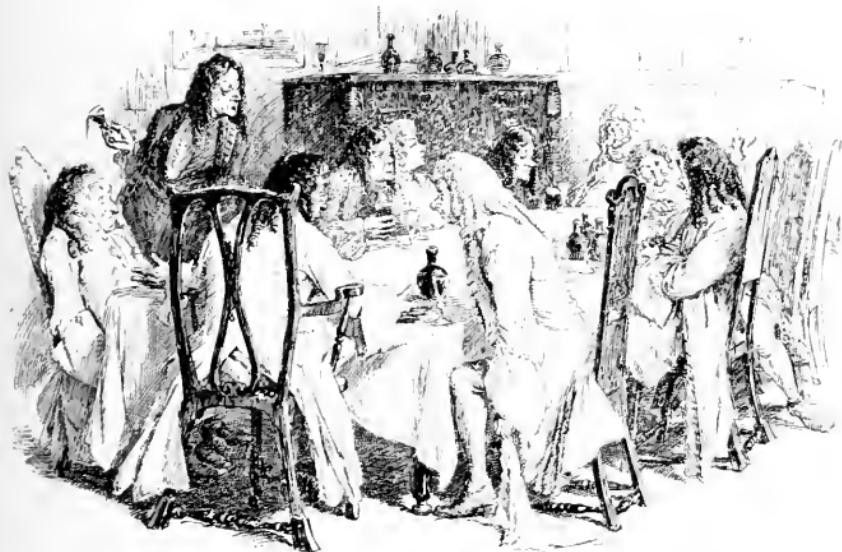
A Journey to Exeter



A Journey to Exeter

*At Hartley Row the foaming bit we prest,
While the fat landlord welcom'd ev'ry guest.
Supper was ended, healths the glasses crown'd,
Our host extoll'd his wine at ev'ry round,
Relates the Justices' late meeting there
How many bottles drank, and what their cheer;
What lords had been his guests in days of
yore,
And praised their wisdom much, their drinking
more.*

A Journey to Exeter



A Journey to Exeter

*Let travellers the morning vigils keep :
The morning rose, but we lay fast asleep.
Twelve tedious miles we bore the sultry sun,
And Popham Lane was scarce in sight by one ;
The straggling village harbour'd thieves of old,
'Twas here the stage-coach'd lass resign'd her
gold ;
That gold which had in London purchas'd
gowns,
And sent her home a Belle to country towns.*

A Journey to Exeter



A Journey to Exeter

Sutton we pass, and leave her spacious down,
And with the setting sun reach Stockbridge town.
O'er our parch'd tongue the rich metheglin glides,
And the red dainty trout our knife divides.
Sad melancholy ev'ry visage wears ;
What, no election come in seven long years !
Of all our race of Mayors, shall Snow alone
Be by Sir Richard's dedication known ?
Our streets no more with tides of ale shall float,
Nor cobblers feast three years upon one vote.
Next morn, twelve miles led o'er th'unbounded
plain,
Where the cloak'd shepherd guides his fleecy
train.
No leafy bow'r's a noon-day shelter lend,
Nor from the chilly dews at night defend :
With wondrous art, he counts the straggling flock,
And by the sun informs you what's a clock.

A Journey to Exeter



A Journey to Exeter

How are our shepherds fall'n from ancient days !
No Amaryllis chants alternate lays ;
From her no list'ning echoes learn to sing,
Nor with his reed the jocund valleys ring.
Here sheep the pasture hide, there harvests bend,
See Sarum's steeple o'er yon hill ascend ;
Our horses faintly trot beneath the heat,
And our keen stomachs know the hour to eat.

A Journey to Exeter



A Journey to Exeter

*Who can forsake thy walls, and not admire
The proud cathedral, and the lofty spire ?
What sempstress has not proved thy scissors good ?
From hence first came th' intriguing riding-hood.
Amid three boarding-schools well stock'd with
misses
Shall three knight-errants starve for want of
kisses ?
O'er the green turf the miles slide swift away,
And Blandford ends the labours of the day.*

A Journey to Exeter



A Journey to Exeter

*The morning rose ; the supper reck'ning paid,
And our due fees discharged to man and maid ;
The ready oftler near the stirrup stands,
And as we mount, our half-pence load his hands.*

A Journey to Exeter



A Journey to Exeter

*Now the steep hill fair Dorchester o'erlooks,
Border'd by meads, and wash'd by silver brooks.
Here sleep my two companions' eyes supprest,
And propt in elbow-chairs they snoring rest :
I weary sit, and with my pencil trace
Their painful postures, and their eyeless face ;
Then dedicate each glass to some fair name,
And on the sash the diamond scrawls my flame.*

A Journey to Exeter



A Journey to Exeter

Now o'er true Roman way our horses sound,
Grævius would kneel, and kiss the
sacred ground.

On either side low fertile valleys lie,
The distant prospects tire the travelling eye.

Through Bridport's stony lanes our rout we take,
And the proud steep descend to Morcombe's lake.
As hearses pass'd, our landlord robbed the pall,
And with the mournful 'scutcheon hung his hall.
On unadulterate wine we here regale,
And strip the lobster of his scarlet mail.

A Journey to Exeter



A Journey to Exeter

*WE climb'd the hills, when starry night arose,
And Axminster affords a kind repose.
The maid subdu'd by fees, her trunk unlocks,
And gives the cleanly aid of dowlas smocks.*

A Journey to Exeter



A Journey to Exeter

Meantime our shirts her busy fingers rub,
While the soap lathers o'er the foaming tub.
We rise, our beards demand the barber's art;
A female enters, and performs the part.
The weighty golden chain adorns her neck,
And three gold rings her skilful hand bedeck;
Smooth o'er our chin her easy fingers move,
Soft as when Venus strok'd the beard of Jove.
Now from the steep, 'midst scatter'd cots and
groves,
Our eye through Honiton's fair valley roves.

A Journey to Exeter



A Journey to Exeter

*Behind us soon the busy town we leave,
Where finest lace industrious lasses weave,
Now swelling clouds roll'd on ; the rainy load
Stream'd down our hats, and smok'd along the
road ;
When (O bleſt sight !) a friendly sign we spy'd,
Our spurs are slacken'd from the horse's side ;*

A Journey to Exeter



A Journey to Exeter

*For sure a civil host the house commands,
Upon whose sign this courteous motto stands, —
“This is the ancient hand, and eke the pen ;
Here is for horses hay, and meat for men.”
How rhyme would flourish, did each son of fame
Know his own genius, and direct his flame !
Then he that could not Epic fights rehearse,
Might sweetly mourn in Elegiac verse.
But were his Muse for Elegy unfit,
Perhaps a Distich might not strain his wit ;*

A Journey to Exeter



A Journey to Exeter

*If Epigram offend, his harmless lines
Might in gold letters swing on ale-house signs.
Then Hobbino! might propagate his bays
And Tuttle-fields record his simple lays ;
Where rhymes like these might lure the nurses' eyes
While gaping infants squall for farthing pies—
“ Treat here, ye shepherds blithe, your damsels sweet,
For pies and cheesecakes are for damsels meet.”*

*Then Maurus in his proper sphere might shine,
And these proud numbers grace great William's sign ;—*

*“ This is the man, this the Nassovian, whom
I named the brave deliverer to come.”
But now the driving gales suspend the rain,
We mount our steeds, and Devon's city gain.
Hail, happy native land !—but I forbear
What other counties must with envy hear.*

A Journey to Exeter





“How happy could I be
with
either”



“How happy could I be
with either”

“How happy could I be with either”

 *How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer a-way ;*

How happy could I be with either



How happy could I be with either

But while you thus tease me to-gether

How happy could I be with either



How happy could I be with either

To neither a word will I say.

How happy could I be with either



Ri tol de rol lol de rol li do, &c.
from The Beggar's Opera

A HUNTING
WE WILL GO

“A Hunting we will go”



he dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn;
The Hounds all join in glorious cry,
The Hounds all join in glorious cry,

A hunting we will go



A hunting we will go

The huntsman winds his horn.
The huntsman winds his horn.
And a hunting we will go,
A hunting we will go,
A hunting we will go,
A hunting we will go.

A hunting we will go



A hunting we will go

*The wife around her husband throws
Her arms, and begs his stay ;
My dear, it rains, it hails, it snows,
You will not hunt to-day ?
But a hunting we will go,
A hunting we will go,
A hunting we will go.*

A hunting we will go



A hunting we will go

*A brushing fox in yonder wood,
Secure to find we seek ;
For why, I carried, sound and good,
A cartload there last week.
And a hunting we will go,
A hunting we will go,
A hunting we will go,
A hunting we will go.*

A hunting we will go



A hunting we will go

*Away he goes, he flies the rout,
Their steeds all spur and switch ;
Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,
And some thrown in the ditch.*

A hunting we will go



A hunting we will go

*But a hunting we will go,
A hunting we will go,
A hunting we will go,
A hunting we will go.*

A hunting we will go



A hunting we will go

*At length his strength to faintness worn,
Poor Reynard ceases flight;
Then hungry, homeward we return,
To feast away the night.
Then a drinking we will go,
A drinking we will go,
A drinking we will go,
A drinking we will go.*

A hunting we will go







J. Greenlees

“ Oh ! dear ! what can the matter be ? ”



“ Oh ! dear ! what can the matter be ?
Dear ! dear ! what can the matter be ?
Oh ! dear ! what can the matter be ?
Johnny’s so long at the fair.

Oh ! dear ! what can the matter be ?



Oh ! dear ! what can the matter be ?

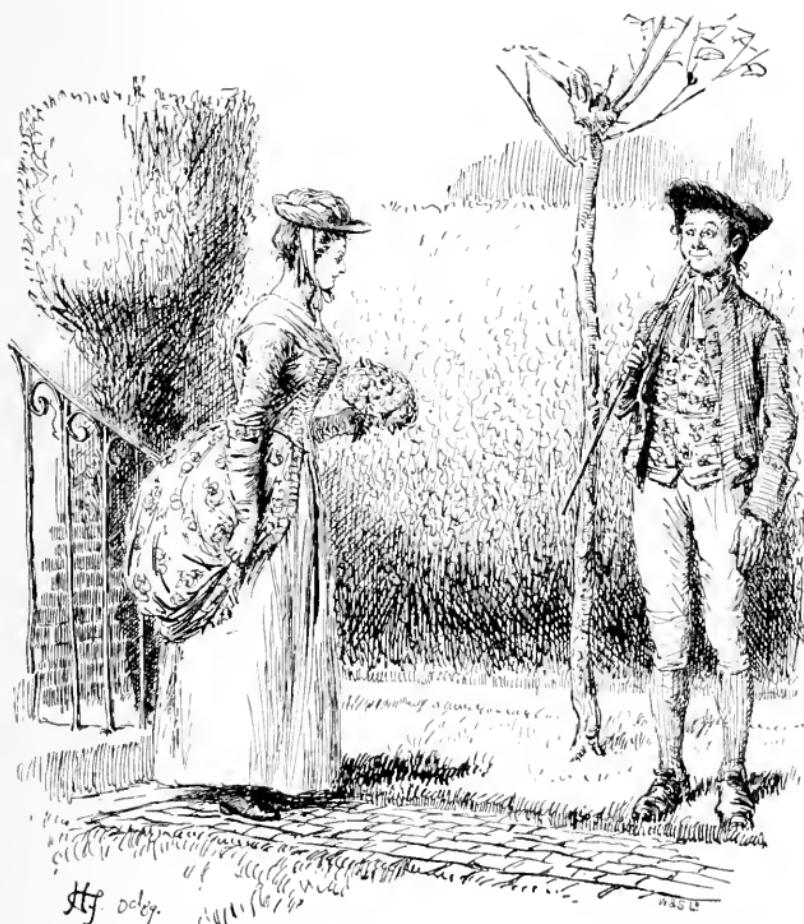
*He promis'd he'd buy me a fairing should please
me,
And then for a kiss, Oh ! he vow'd he would
teaze me ;
He promis'd he'd bring me a bunch of blue
ribbons
To tie up my bonny brown hair.*



Oh ! dear ! what can the matter be ?

*Oh ! dear ! what can the matter be ?
Dear ! dear ! what can the matter be ?
Oh ! dear ! what can the matter be ?
Johnny's so long at the fair.*

Oh! dear! what can the matter be?



Oh ! dear ! what can the matter be ?

*He promis'd he'd bring me a basket of posies,
A garland of lilies, a garland of roses,
A little straw hat, to set off the blue ribbons
That tie up my bonny brown hair.*

Oh ! dear ! what can the matter be ?







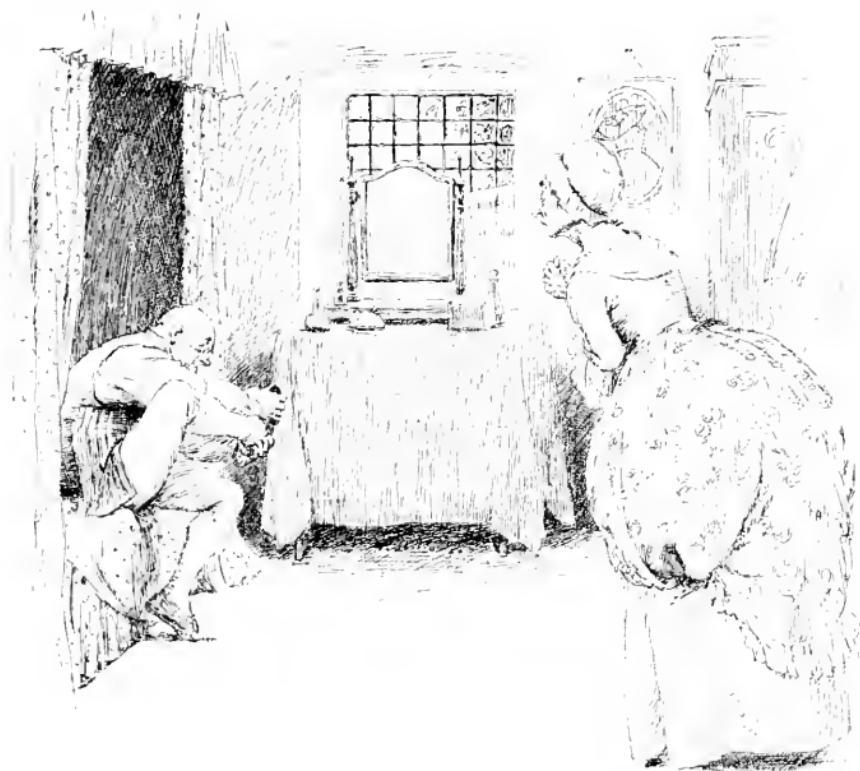


Sir Dilberry Diddle

*f all the brave captains that ever were seen,
Appointed to fight by a king or a queen,
By a king or a queen appointed to fight,
Sure never a captain was like this brave
knight.*

*He pulled off his slippers and wrapper of
silk,
And, foaming as furious as whiskèd new
milk,
Says he to his lady, “My lady, I’ll go :
My company calls me ; you must not say no.”*

Sir Dilberry Diddle



Sir Dilberry Diddle

*With eyes all in tears says my lady, says she,
“O cruel Sir Dilberry, do not kill me !
For I never will leave thee, but cling round thy
middle,
And die in the arms of Sir Dilberry Diddle.”*

*Said Diddle again to his lady, “My dear,”
(And a white pocket-handkerchief wiped off a tear)
“To fight for thy charms in the hottest of wars
Will be joy ! Thou art Venus.” Says she, “Thou
art Mars.”*

Sir Dilberry Diddle



Sir Dilberry Diddle

*By a place I can't mention, not knowing its name,
At the head of his company Dilberry came,
And the drums to the window call every eye
To see the defence of the nation pass by.*

*Old Bible-faced women, through spectacles dim,
With hemming and coughing, cried "Lord, it is
him!"*

*While boys and the girls, who more clearly could
see,
Cried, "Yonder's Sir Dilberry Diddle—that's
he!"*

Sir Dilberry Diddle



Sir Dilberry Diddle

*Of all the fair ladies that came to the show,
Sir Diddle's fair lady stood first in the row ;
“Oh, how charming,” says she, “he looks all in
red :
How he turns out his toes, how he holds up his
head !*

*“Do but see his cockade, and behold his dear gun,
Which shines like a looking-glass held in the sun !
Hear his word of command ! ’tis so sweet, I am
sure,
Each time I am tempted to call out—encore !”*

Sir Dilberry Diddle

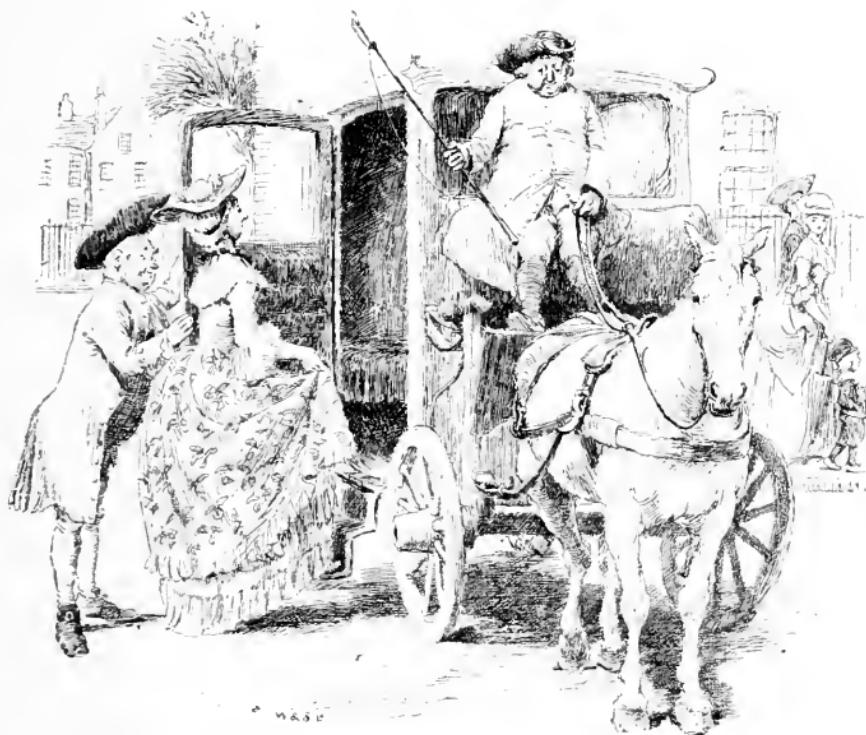


Sir Dilberry Diddle

*The battle was over without any blows,
The heroes unharness and strip off their clothes ;
The dame gives her captain a sip of rose-water,
Then he, handing her into her coach, steps in
after.*

*John's orders are special to drive very slow,
For fevers oft follow fatigues, we all know,
And prudently cautious, in Venus's lap,
Beneath her short apron, Mars takes a long nap.*

Sir Dilberry Diddle



Sir Dilberry Diddle

*He dreamt, Fame reports, that he cut all the throats
Of the French as they landed in flat-bottomed
boats,
In his sleep if such dreadful destruction he makes,
What havock, ye gods ! we shall have when he
wakes !*

Sir Dilberry Diddle





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